

Wichita Daily Eagle

WOMAN'S NEW POSITION.

WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE IN HER POSITION TOWARD MANKIND?

Woman the Last and Highest Achievement of Creation—Lilith and Her Daughters—Woman as Man Regards Her and Woman as She Means to Be.

[Copyright, 1890.]
The fly on the coach-wheel said, How fast we do travel! And just about as much as the fly regulated the speed of the coach, so much do we control and regulate the speed of the world.Of course ever so many of us imagine ourselves the *deus ex machina*, and fancy that if we were eliminated from the affair, the coach must either stop or be shunted off the crown of the highway where we keep it. But then, others, looking at the matter more philosophically, perceive that through the few thousands of years of which alone we know anything at all the world has gone methodically on, carrying out some system of which we know very little indeed, the earth producing her treasures, such as gold, iron, coal, water, oil, just at the time the previous supply of material is spent, and not at all in answer to man's demand or greed.

We see, too, how the race of man has gradually developed from perhaps the laborer, perhaps only the clay devouring savage, to its present condition, which, let us most devoutly hope, is not its final perfection; and we see, which is just now what we want to consider, the curious development of woman's place in the scale of existence, and of her relation toward man. Taking for a moment the biblical account of the creation, we perceive that it proceeded, perhaps by evolution, perhaps otherwise, from the lowest forms to the highest, man coming after the beasts, and woman after man, thus placing her at the crown and summit of creation.

Perhaps it sounds a little arrogant for a woman to say that this eminence is actually woman's proper position, but I think few men will deny that "a perfect woman nobly planned" is the highest work of creative power from more than one point of view, if not from all; and when one considers the development of woman in these latter years, and perceives that the progress of that development is rather accelerating than diminishing, one clings closer to the coach wheel, and wonders where in life it is taking us to!

Of course we all know that woman has not always stood at the head of creation. That proud eminence has hitherto been claimed by man, who seemed to be lord not only of creation, but of woman also, and woman has more or less meekly and more or less consistently allowed the claim.

There is a pretty legend in the Talmud that when Adam was created a woman was also made, and named Lilith; to Lilith, and holds out his hand, saying: "Come, then, I'll help you up to the saddle right in front of me, and you shall manage the snaffle rein, and I'll hold the curb and keep the whip."

To this proposition Lilith replies, in effect, that man is quite welcome to ride his own horse after his own fashion, and she shall not interfere so long as he does not obstruct her path, but that she is herself well mounted, and feels quite able to manage snaffle, curb, whip and spur; she is every willing and desirous to ride alongside of her comrade man in the most amicable spirit; she sees that they are both bound to the same goal, and she grants that each can make the road pleasant and more profitable for the other, but she insists upon it that her steed Progress is quite as valuable as his nag Precursor, and if he will not allow her room to ride by his side she shall certainly push for the front, and may unfortunately crowd him to the wall as she passes.

At all events, she does not propose to be crowded to the wall herself, nor does she intend to ride any longer upon precedent, either behind or before him; she is daughter of Lilith, equal in every way to Adam, although in a different direction; she does not claim to govern or direct him, nor does she mean to let him govern or direct her. That sort of thing does very well for the daughter of Eve, that poor creature who could not resist the blandishments of Satan, nor the desire for forbidden fruit, and who having got herself into a scrape, dragged Adam into it after her. But, I say, Lilith, an equal match for Satan and his pinnies, and an brave enough to fight my own battles and bear my own penalties. All I ask is that man should treat me as well as I treat him, or as he treats his brother man.

There lies the question. Will man, as man can see that a new condition of affairs obliges him to adopt a new attitude? The good steed Progress is bearing woman to the front; will he draw Precursor aside and make room for the new wayride on together, true and faithful couragers, or will he insist that she run at his stirrup, sit cozily upon a pillion and guide the reins precariously in front and back the snaffle rein?

One thing is sure and certain, the old order of the world is changing and a new order is coming in; nor can the will of one man or all the men in the world, nor of all the women in the bargain, retard, or accelerate, or alter the course of that great change. The only thing we, both men and women, can do is to adapt ourselves to it. Let the women open wide their eyes to the new sphere of action opening before them; let them emancipate themselves in the best meaning of the word from the swaddling bands and chains of roses that have fettered their limbs hitherto; let them in their own persons and in their daughters, seek to know what is going on in the world, and form opinions upon such matters as independently of men as of each other. Let them cultivate the manifold virtues of justice, honor, courage, self-command, while not letting go their own birthright of tenderness, patience, faith, self-devotion.

Oh, what a noble creature the woman of the future may be if only to the glorious strength and freedom of Lilith she can add the feminine charm of Eve!

If, or they marry 'country' squires and "snuffe fools and chronicle small beer" until their drowsy death. But it is ungracious to pursue this retrospection of what woman's crisis has been in the past, for woman *change tout color*, and woman in the present and in the future is a far fairer sight.

But man, like the fly upon the wheel of Time, feels the movement, dimly perceives the progress, and cannot for the life of him understand what the power, or how to control it. Steam he knows all about; electricity he is grappling with pretty successfully; the odic force he talks about with more or less intelligence, but what sort of force or power moves this coach wheel, which he dimly perceives he does not move, only rides upon?

Well, giving up the problem, he says there isn't any power at all, it just goes nobody knows how, and for his part he is not going to attend to any such nonsense; woman is what she always has been, the adjunct of man, the feeble, less responsible half of his own existence, whom he is bound to control, to educate, to protect and to patronize. While she is young and pretty he will make love to her, and if she resists his pursuit he will probably want her very much indeed, and say a great deal about her perfection and merits; having obtained her—and in parenthesis the man remarks that she generally is as glad to be caught as he is to catch her—the man's duty is to treat her kindly, but not to let her suppose she can manage her own life, much less his; hasn't she promised to love, honor and obey, and does she fancy he isn't going to exact the whole bond?

He doesn't expect her to know or care about his business; if he is a business man, she couldn't understand, and her opinion wouldn't be worth taking; if he is a lawyer, he takes good care not to tell her anything about his cases, because, you know, women can't keep a secret, and invariably put on their bonnets and run over to Mrs. So-and-so's to retail every bit of gossip they can pick up; besides, a woman has no idea of law, logic, equity or precedent. If he is a clergyman, he has a fine time, for he preaches her with St. Paul, and excommunicates, "Wives, be obedient to your own husbands," in a fine chest tone.

Altogether man is quite sure that he knows all about woman and is perfectly competent to guide and govern her, along with the children, etc. But this new departure, what is it to be done about it? First, he peevishly mutters, "Nonsense! Don't be silly! Go get a new bonnet if you want it, but don't talk like a fool!"

This doesn't quite seem to quiet the commotion, and he waxes witty about "long haired men and short haired women," and asks his wife, or daughter, or sister, if she is going to order the nether garments of his tailor or buy them ready made.

Even this withering sarcasm doesn't altogether nip the pestilent growth of this stem of rebellion, and then the shrewd kind of man tries to identify himself with the new order, and is magnanimous and kind and patronizing to Lilith, and holds out his hand, saying: "Come, then, I'll help you up to the saddle right in front of me, and you shall manage the snaffle rein, and I'll hold the curb and keep the whip."

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HOME ART WORK.

Bureau Cover, with Crocheted Medallions, Illustrated and Described.

[Copyright, 1890.]
The article illustrated can be used for a table cover or as an ornamental scarf to drape on a chair, picture or mantel corner, or for any of the various uses to which artistically inclined housekeepers can put soft, decorative scarfs.

FIG. 1.

A yard and a half of old rose surah or India silk is used for the scarf, which may be of the full width of the silk if the latter is narrow. If the silk is too wide for the purpose and has to be cut, a hem an inch wide must be taken on each side. On a scarf made of a full width of the silk, the medallions will be finished enough. The ends are raveled out for four or five inches to form a fringe, of which the upper part may be tied in knots, as shown in cut, to make a netted heading. If thought more desirable the ends may be hemmed with a deep hem, and a rich fringe of sewing silk sewed on with the narrow braid that forms its upper edge concealed under the hem.

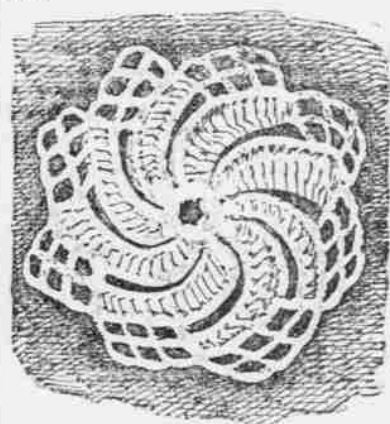


FIG. 2.

In the second plate is shown the crocheted medallion which forms the decoration of the scarf. Its firm edge has much the effect of needle worked button-holing, and can be hemmed down upon the silk with ordinary hemming stitches taken very closely, or it may be button-holed down with far apart stitches. In either case the medallion should be first pressed with an iron hot enough to impair the color and then basted very smoothly upon the material. After they are sewed on the fabric under each medallion is cut away, leaving them transparent. They should be worked of silk the color of the scarf, or they and the sewing silk fringe can be of white silk and the scarf pale yellow or blue.

To make a medallion, work a chain of six and join in a ring. Then work eight chain, turn and work seventeen double crochets over the eight chain, crowding them closely together; make one single crochets into the ring, turn, work eight chain, one double crochets in the eighth double crochets of the sixteen double, two chain, one double crochets in the thirteenth double, two chain, one double crochets in the fifteenth double, two chain, one double crochets in the last double, turn, five chain, one double crochets in next double crochets in last row (two chain, one double crochets in the next double), do this twice; sixteen double crochets over the eight chain for one single crochets in ring.

Repeat from star to star till there are eight spokes in the wheel, carry the thread up by drawing it through the top loops on the last spoke, and at the top work the two rows of double crochets, with two chain between, that has been worked on the point of every other spoke, pulling the thread through a stitch of the next spoke to join them together. Before making a silk medallion, experiment with crochets cotton. By following the directions the wheel is easy to make.

MRS. M. C. HUNTERFORD.

Laws for Women.

The Woman's Journal lately printed a complete summary of the laws of every state and territory so far as they relate to a woman's right to vote in any civil capacity. The work was prepared under the supervision of Professor W. T. Harris, national superintendent of education. From this report it appears that women taxpayers have full suffrage in Montana. They have school suffrage, with or without certain limitations as to property, widowhood, etc., in all the other states and territories, except the following, twenty in all: Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, Nevada, North Carolina, South Carolina, Ohio, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, West Virginia, Alaska, Indian Territory, New Mexico and Utah.

A Drug Dealer's Love Potions.

A lady very heavily veiled entered a Seventh street drug store and said, behind her mask of impenetrable black: "I wish to get some love medicine."

"Great Cupid!" thought a bystander who overheard the remark, "does she want to get into it or out of it?"

The clerk waited until she explained that she wanted something for the young man's love who had just left her. The young man was obliged to return to the compounding room, and returning handed her a tiny package, for which she paid him a dollar. As the lady left the store the bystander inquired: "Now, what in the name of Hippocrates can you give that girl?"

"Oh, nothing," he answered, "but a little alcohol mixed with some opium. If I didn't sell her something somebody else would, and I may as well get the dollar as the other man. If I had asked her \$5 she would have paid it just as quickly. That's nothing," he added; "we often have such calls, and even stranger ones."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

About Saying No.

We hear a great deal about a man's love of opposition in affairs of the heart. It is true he loves to hear a woman say no, and enjoys compelling her to change it to yes. But he never attempts it unless he sees "yes" hidden back under her eyelids.

Look him boldly in the face with "no" in your eyes and on your lips, and he will not bother himself to trouble you with a second saying.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in New York Journal.

NYE CALLS FOR A CLUB.

IN WHICH HE AND OTHER MILLIONAIRES MAY FIND COMFORT.

The Charming Scenery in the Neighborhood of Stockton—Joseph T. Goodman and Sandy Baldwin's Funeral—How Mr. Whisk's Perfidy Was Punished.

[Copyright, 1890, by Edgar W. Nye.]
I have before me, at this moment, a letter and circular from Mr. Charles Rich Johnson, making queer proposals to me regarding a forthcoming work of his. It is a biography of the Millionaire Men and Women, Dead and Living, of America. It will cost \$40,000 to issue the book, but as every millionaire will naturally want a few, and as they will cost \$50 per set, there can be no risk in printing it. Besides, the subscribers are all financially sound. The letter goes on to state that I am on the list and asks my cordial co-operation.

I will be willing to co-operate if it should be the sense of the other millionaires that this step is advisable. I have always said, and say now, that it is high time we millionaires should organize and stand by each other. This is the first step. Let us know who really belong to our set and then form a society with signs, passwords and signals which will protect our lodge against outsiders. A sign of distress would also be almost indispensable. I think there is nothing sadder than to see a millionaire suffering for the comforts of life when there are other millionaires who might help him if they knew about it.

Millionaires, as a rule, are kind and thoughtful toward each other, but they lack organization. Think what we could do if we would unite! We are really the bone and sinew of the country. We are the producers, as I may say. Farmers and such people are consumers. They eat up what we earn. Why do we get up early and work till late all through the frosty days, watching our stock and shearing our lambs? It is not that the farmer may have bread for eating purposes and clothes to warm his body?

Then why allow all other trades and societies to organize while we look at each other askance? We need a lodge of millionaires in every town. It is for that reason I hail with ill disguised joy the advent of this book, and as soon as I can possibly raise the money will subscribe for it.

Fresno is one of the handsome cities of the Sacramento valley. One rides for many miles along the broad, level sweep of green, with never a bare, save where the purple orchard accents the air, and then again miles of green, trimmed with millions of wild flowers such as California alone can furnish by the township in unending yet blending colors.

On the way to Fresno one also discovers a product of the Golden State which he had not heard about before. It is the windmill. All along down from Sacramento you discover this rank growth. About Stockton the windmill grows to a great height, and even in the most barren soil. Some have a bright red blossom, whilst others are variegated, and still others are red, white and blue. A field of large, double windmills in full bloom is a fine sight. I do not know what they are used for unless it be for purposes of irrigation. Now, however, after the intense rains of the winter, it seems almost a mockery for this great army of windmills to stand around with the water up to its knees and its idle hands in its pockets.

Fresno is in the heart of a beautiful grape growing country, but these grapes are not used to promote the interests of the flowing bowl. The vine growers here are all engaged in the raising of raisins. Among the horny handed and wealthy toilers here I found Joseph T. Goodman. When the angels were engaged in naming that rare and radiant maiden whom the neighbors called Lenore, they christened Joseph T. Goodman with the name he has so honorably borne for over half a century.

Seeing the evils arising from the cultivation of the grape as a wine producer, yet fully alive to the great advantages to be derived from grape growing generally as a source of food supply, he gave his attention to the cultivation and propagation of the raisin. Selecting the large, fat, early dwarf, maroon pie raisin of commerce, and crossing it with the citron, he soon obtained a hybrid raisin, with seeds in it, which could be hardly distinguished from the royal octavo raisin of Spain. He now produces tons of this beautiful fruit each year at an enormous profit, and each night as he retires he can place his hand on his heart and say: "At least I have never aided in the great and growing but reprehensible industry of filling drunkards' graves."

Mr. Goodman has a history. He ran The Territorial Enterprise in those early days when such young strugglers as Daniel De Quille, the bright young Frenchman, and Samuel L. Clemens, the talented Missourian, worked for him. He was one of the features of those wonderful days on the Comstock which can never come again.

It was my good fortune to see a considerable of him. Not so much as we see of our lady friends in society when in full dress, perhaps, but still I saw him in his working clothes and in his every day manners.

In San Francisco they told me about his attendance at the obsequies of Sandy Baldwin. Baldwin and Goodman were fast friends, and when Sandy died Mr. Goodman was asked to act as chief pall bearer. He came down from the mines for that purpose, and had to borrow some clothes of John McCallough. They were very good clothes, but not long enough in the sleeves or the legs for Joseph T. Goodman. The Prince Albert coat was plenty long enough in the skirts, but revealed a sweep of forearm and flannel shirt sleeve which came very near giving a taste of sadness to the funeral. His trousers also

were of the hydrophobia variety, and in order to make friends with the tops of his boots they had sacrificed the valued friendship that had existed between themselves and the waistcoat, as it were. In the midst of all this the master of ceremonies suddenly decided that Mr. Baldwin's pall bearers ought properly to consist of judges and political dignitaries of the state, rather than of his old and tried friends, who might be barren of titles. This was contrary to the Baldwin style, however, and highly offensive to his friends, especially Mr. Goodman, who had entered and slept with Sandy for many moons, and had even taken him out shooting on Saturdays, when collectors were in the habit of breaking in on Baldwin's tranquility of spirit.

So Joseph T. Goodman arose from his seat down stairs when the master of ceremonies said that the procession was now ready to move, and heaved the room where the casket stood, surrounded by its haughty, double rank of titled pall bearers. In all the grandeur of John McCallough's clothes, with his arms extended grandly beyond the sleeves of the great tragedian's coat, his legs wandering away below the meager longitude of trousers, and his glimmering head protruding nobly above his erstwhile hair, he came with gleaming eye among them, and, ranging himself fearfully by the coffin of his friend, he wilted the weeping company with the grandeur of his own grief and indignation.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am here to act as the pall bearer of Sandy Baldwin. I shall do it, and those of you who know me know that I will do it. He cared little for the empty titles which the errors of humanity bestow upon unworthy men. He knew his friends while living. He knows them still. I was his friend. I am nothing more than that now. If he were he would endorse that sentiment."

At that moment Mr. Goodman stooped and, taking hold of the casket, he gently jolted it to test its weight. After he had hefted it he said: "Now gentlemen," and he looked like a Numidian lion whose tail had been shut into the door of the Colosseum by mistake, or a Royal Bengal tiger, whose own private martyr had been ruthlessly jerked away from him by means of a string; "pride, pomp and circumstance can no longer reach Sandy Baldwin in that mysterious country to which he has gone. Empty titles and the false glamour and glitter of hollow honors cannot gladden his dead heart now. Your honorable this and your judge that cannot bring the flash of pride to his pallid clay. But friendly hands shall be the last to touch his bier. No stranger shall bear my friend away to his grave, for, by—, I will carry him myself."

Then he reached down and put his strong arms about the casket of Sandy Baldwin to shoulder it. But better judgment moved the man who had charge of the services and the original programme was carried out.

Lawrence Barrett said it was at once the grandest and the most ludicrous sight he ever saw. There in the midst of mourning, on the most solemn and impressive of occasions, stood a brave and defiant man, in a Prince Albert coat that tried to be dignified but lacked the necessary scope, and with trousers which shivered at the idea of touching the earth by a foot or so. With flashing eye and distended nostril he defied the entire programme, and threatening to bear away the body of his friend, like a true gladiator, he won his case, and Sandy Baldwin went to his grave surrounded by a little band of plain American citizens, followed by the titled but over-awed pall bearers, whose names were respectfully Messrs. Mull, Dennis and others.

It was beautiful. Had I been Sandy Baldwin at that moment, I should have made a superhuman effort to make a few desultory remarks at the grave.

Fresno is also noted lately for having among its citizens a gentleman named Whisk, who has done well for a number of years by attaching the baggage of various theatrical companies. I do not mention this because I have any personal grudge against Mr. Whisk, for I am not a theatrical company, neither did he attach me.



tack my baggage. On the contrary, he bought a box and treated me well, but others murmur, and I believe, with just cause, inasmuch that this citizen of Fresno, which extends even into San Francisco and even also into the sound which is to the north thereof.

Mr. Whisk married in rather a romantic way, I thought. A Fresno gentleman told me about it. He said that Mr. Whisk was doing well in his attachment industry there, and finally formed another attachment for a very wealthy widow. She feared, however, that he loved her only as a brother, and also as one who had his eye on the bank account where his wife had been buried.

So she said to him: "Oh, darling, I fear that my wealth hath taught thee to love me, and if it were to take wings unto itself thou wouldst also do the same."

"Nay, Goodwin," said Mr. Whisk, "so long as I have my head down upon my shoulder and tickle the lobe of her little, cunning ear with the end of his moustache, 'I love not thy dollars, but thee alone. Also elsewhere. If thou doubt me, give thy wealth to the poor. Give it to the World's fair. Give it to the Central Pacific Railroad. Give it to any one who is suffering."

"No," the unto him straightway made answer; "I could not do that, honey."

"Then give it to your daughter," said Mr. Whisk, "if you think I am so low as to love alone your yellow dress."

Then drew himself up to his full height.

He flew to his arms like a frightened dove that has been hit on the head with a rock. Folding her warm round arms about his neck, she sobbed with joy and

gave her entire fortune to her daughter. Mr. Whisk then married the daughter and went on about his business.



SHE FLEW TO HIS ARMS.

I sometimes think that, at the best, man is a great course thing. The widow wept for Mr. Whisk for a week or two and bought a revolver with which to kill him, but better judgment prevailed. She suddenly came to her senses, and realizing what a weak revenge it was, after all, merely to kill him, she packed up her parrot and went to live at his house.

Verily, she laughs best who laughs last. I saw him, and, though he is wealthy, he looks haggard and there are lines of care around his mouth, that is, partially around his mouth. They are, I think, the best they can, and some day they may extend clear around his mouth, if they do well.

I will now say good-by for the present, with love to all.

Bill Nye

Vigorous Methods.

Mr. Barkling (undergoing a medical examination for insurance)—Are you going to punch me again like that, doctor?

The Physician—Just once more.

Mr. Barkling—Well, before you do it just have the policy made out and signed, will you?—Judge.

On a Buckboard.



Mr. Stephenson—Matilda, if you don't put that dog out, I'll get out myself. We bumped twice just now.—Fuck.

The Penalty of Falsehood.

Stranger (at door)—Is Mrs. Frumpy in?

Maid—Are you the man with the milliner's bill?

Stranger (trying to lie his way in)—No.

Maid—Sorry, but she isn't at home to any one else this morning. (Door slams).—Fuck.

He Was Sure of It.

Lady Customer (angrily)—I believe there is water in your milk, sir.

Honest Milkman—Yes, madam, there is. I have on several occasions urged the cows to be more careful, but they insist that it is impossible to make milk without water.—Fuck.

He Didn't Know.

A man, who evidently meant what he said, in replying to a correspondent who wanted to know what public men's face is represented on the \$50 national bill, answered:

"We cannot tell you. Send us the bill."—Philadelphia Times.

The Unresponsive Saleslady.

Sympathizing Customer—Doesn't it make you very tired to stand here all day long and wait on all sorts of people?

Shop Girl—Awfully! I have to answer so many fool questions, you know. C-a-a-a-a!—Chicago Tribune.

Mathematical.

Mamma—Now, Johnny, I will hear your lesson in arithmetic. If you should cut the rat into four pieces, what would each piece be called?

Johnny (promptly)—A titen.—Epoch.

Very Tactful.

"Do you think I look pretty in this habit, Jack?"

"Pretty? You're as pretty as a picture—and I'd like to loan the picture."—Fuck.

Chicagoans for One Thing.

New Yorker—Have you seen the "Merchant of Venice"?

Chicago Man—No; what does he sell?

Cordial, but Illogical.

Jones was quite struck by the appearance of a guest at an evening party whose name he did not know, but whose face was familiar.

"Beg pardon," he said, going up to him, "I think we have met before."

"That is my impression."

"It wasn't at New Orleans, was it?"

"No; I've never been there."

"Nor I either," replied Jones in a burst of illogical enthusiasm.—Judge.

A Caring Keen.

Mrs. Uptown—What have you in that dear little jewel case, John?

Mr. Uptown (just home from business)—A piece of ice, my life.

Mrs. Uptown—What? You refused to buy me that diamond necklace at Whiff-fany's and now indulge in low extravagance of ice? (D